DOGS IN WAR.

A FRENCHMAN'S NOTION OF THEM AS SOLDIERS.

Some Incidents of Military History in Which the Dog Has Played an Important Part.

[New York Times.]

Should you take M. Le Lieutenant Jupin's title to his interesting book and translate it literally the English of it would be "Military Dogs in the French Army." There is nothing like enthusiasm, and as to dogs, Lieutenant Jupin is full of it. He does not intimate that by using dogs as part and parcel of an army organization France is to win back Alsace and Lorraine, wresting them from the Germans, but he advances the idea that by employing dogs for particular military duties the advantage would be very great.

The utility of the carrier-pigeon need not be demonstrated. When Paris was begirt all methods of communication were stopped; but for an occasional balloon and many pigeons the second city of the world would have been isolated. In war every possible thing which can be utilized should be brought into play, and man's best friend, the dog, can be made to serve a purpose in times of strife.

The dog's sense of smell is exquisite. It is probable that his hearing is more delicate and sensitive than that of a man's, and we know well enough that he runs faster and keeps up his speed longer than his master. Having these traits, Lieutenant Jupin wants the dog to play soldier, and regularly attach him to the military formation. M. Jupin informs us that Germany, Austria, Russia, are all now at work with soldier dogs. There is nothing exactly new in this world, for the Greeks and Romans used dogs as auxiliaries in war. Vegecius, in his "*De re Militari*," wrote: "It is the custom to have dogs possessing a fine sense of smell, and to let these sleep in the forts. They can scent the enemy, and will at once bark, and so put the garrison on guard." In Herculaneum there is a bas-relief representing a huge dog, protected by a coat of mail, who is fighting the enemies of Rome. Every now and then historical notice may be found of dogs attached to armed bodies of men, and accounts are given of their usefulness.

In 1799 Napoleon wrote to Marmont about the dogs so common in Egypt, advising him to make use of them. "Tie up some of those dogs near the walls." The inference was that they would bark when any one came near. There is the record of that famous dog Moustache, who took part in many a fight during the wars of the Consulate and First Empire. We have no reason to suppose that Moustache was a dog educated in the military sense, capable of going through his facings. Moustache loved to fight for fighting's sake, for the glory of the thing. During the Italian campaign of 1800 a detachment of Austrians ensconced themselves in a valley near Balbo, stole a night's march on the French, and there would have been a surprise had it not been for Moustache, who barked so lustily that he woke up the camp and the Austrians were repuled. Some time after that Moustache nosed-out an Austrian spy, who had stolen into the French camp in a disguise. It is told of Moustache that at Austerlitz he saved the regimental colors. The standard-bearer had been killed when Moustache seized the blood-stained banner, pulled it out of the hands of the Austrians and trotted back in triumph with it to his company. This dramatic dog, M. Jupin tells us, was rewarded for this noble action—"Moustache was decorated by Marechal Lannes." Moustache, who was undoubtedly a plucky dog, if only a part of his warlike qualities are to be believed, lives always in the drama. That fight for the standard still electrifies pit and boxes. To keep up, however, all the traditions the Moustache of the stage ought to be a poodle, for of that race was the original hero of Austerlitz. And, by the way, let not the poodle be despised, for he is the leader of the canine race, and has no superior in intelligence or fidelity, and has a much finer nose than he is credited with.

It is a historic fact that a well-laid attempt to surprise Athens came to naught because Turkish hounds gave notice of the advance of the Greeks. In Corsica, where murder is still common and natives and gendarmes are always at outs, those who work in the vendetta business owe their safety to their dogs. The dogs watch for the coming of the gendarme, smell him at a long distance, and run full speed to their master and give him the news.

In the minor wars between the French and Arabs the former have often used dogs. The small French garrison at Mitanah owned an intelligent caniche. Every day the dog made a reconnoissance of his own accord, and showed by his actions exactly where the Arabs had sought cover. Lieutenant Jupin gives information derived from an officer who was on service in Africa some five years ago. There was a campaign directed toward Southern Tunis. In the French service there are Spahis and Turcos, scarcely distinguishable in dress from the true Arabs, but the French dog never blundered. If he saw an object moving in the distance he would go at the top of his speed toward it, and if he barked that made it certain that there was an enemy too near. It was after Gheok-Tepe that Skobeleff advised the use of dogs as aids to advanced sentinels. Four years ago the Germans began paying attention to the training of dogs for military purposes.

Lieutenant Jupin presents many cases of surprises in 1870 occurring both to his own service and to the Germans, and believed that if dogs had been in use nothing of the kind could have happened. He tells of a French sergeant who, in the ugly work of killing sentinels, boasted of having shot, not less than twenty-seven Germans by stealing up to them and dispatching them. If these poor fellows had dogs the marauding Frenchman could not have continued his murdering business. A clever bit of strategy was one in which the Saxons got the better of the French, near Ville Evrard, on December 21, 1870. The Saxons hid themselves during the day in caves, and sallying out at night completely disconcerted the French. A smart fox terrier would have nosed them out, and a wide-awake officer would have noticed that there was something uncommon going on within those caves.

In 1870 the Prussians were very much addicted to night surprises, which always are risky. M. Jupin says that these attacks on the part of the Germans were entirely too successful. Before the French knew of it, down were the Prussians in the middle of them. A dog is no more timid at night than in the daytime. His vigilance even increases at dusk. So M. Jupin argues quite correctly that had there been regularly-trained dogs in the French service these night attacks would have been successfully parried by the French. In the theory of war, at least, no surprise is admissible, least of all a night surprise, for then the utmost vigilance is supposed to be exerted.

Honor to whom honor is due; and if protection has done little that is useful in this world, we are at least indebted to it for a race of highly-intelligent dogs (without, perhaps, much moral sense) who have grown upon the confines of France and Belgium and the Spanish frontier. From the smugglers' school of dog instruction Lieutenant Jupin has acquired many useful suggestions. The dog census of what is called *les chiens fraudeurs* is a big one—100,000—and they carry contraband goods from Belgium to France, principally tobacco, lace, and coffee. At first the puppy is familiarized with the goods he is to carry, so that he knows pretty much the character of the merchandise. When still a puny and unsophisticated dog the smuggler, who has treated him so far kindly, acts toward him as does the bad uncle in "Aladdin." He carries him beyond the border and leaves him with a brother smuggler, who pens up doggy. At night he is untied, gets a good licking instead of a supper, and is allowed to escape. Of course he makes all the speed he can to find his dear old master and his cherished kennel at home. Once there he is rewarded with a lump of sugar and caresses. The dog has a number of experiences of this kind, beginning with the stick and ending with the sugar. Then he knows by heart that as soon as he gets away from his home it is expected that he will make the quickest and shortest tracks homeward. Then he is loaded for the first time with a light burden, and if he gets through all right in time he carries his regular pack. After awhile not one dog, but a whole band of them, move off together, but there is something more than this.

Only the common dogs are the beasts of burden, for there are animals among them endowed with a superior intelligence. The cleverest of these graduates acts as the leader. He has no tobacco or lace to carry. He is the captain. He noses out the way. If there is danger he steers the other dogs clear of it—shows them the road—and takes them through a by-track out of the line of the trouble. But set a thief to catch a thief, and so the French *douanier* has been taught his lesson, and as "imitation is the sincerest flattery," he, too, has his trained politico-economic dog, whose business it is to find out and thwart the dodges and doublings of the smugglers' dogs.

Lieutenant Jupin does not tell us exactly which of the two kinds of dogs are the cleverer. Certainly we are not going to express publicly our sympathies or advance the idea that over-protection induces in both men and dogs a certain loss of self-respect, a flabbiness of mental fibre, but from what we have heard the commercial Belgian dog far exceeds in cleverness the French governmental dog nine times out of ten. M. Jupin tells us that at and around Charleville there is a brigade of 1,033 custom-house officers, who have for auxiliaries over 805 dogs, and that the capture of the free-trade dog amounts to about one in the hundred. Evidently the French dog has not his heart in the business.

The particular duties M. Jupin would entail on the dog are various. In all cases it is his vigilance which is to be called upon. A sentinel has his dog, and the animal warns the man of the approach of a friend or an enemy. In a *reconnoissance* dogs run on in advance and signal the presence of an enemy, no matter where concealed. If dogs are used in an advance there is the impossibility of blundering into an ambuscade. In flanking supports on a march dogs would be equally serviceable. In the rear no sudden attack could be made if dogs were taught to follow the column. When in camp at night a dog or a number of them would give notice of an enemy's approach. This all follows the natural instincts of the animal, and he requires but little instruction.

Where education and training come in is in making dogs the method of communication between various posts. A picket could have a dog attached to it, the dog wearing a collar. A few words written on a bit of paper and slipped into the collar could be carried by the dog to an advance post or to the main body or to headquarters. M. Jupin tells how it is done, the dog following the direction given him by motion of the soldier's hand or of any soldiers who happen to see him. As a dog can travel fast and pass through, over, and under obstacles which would stop a man, a message could in many cases reach headquarters faster than by a mounted courier. A dog can be made to swim rivers which a man on horseback would find troublesome. M. Jupin calls this dog, specially trained, "*le chein-estafette*," and a courier dog follows perfectly the French words.

There is one service M. Jupin believes a dog capable of performing which seems to us to be rather more difficult to accomplish. He proposes that the dog be used during action as a carrier of ammunition. A French soldier when on the line of battle is supposed to be able to get as a maximum supply not less than 175 cartridges. The 78 rounds the man carries have to be supplemented by 97 more. The ammunition wagons are supposed to furnish all deficiencies, and between the wagons and the firing line soldiers bring the men additional cartridges if they are wanted. This service space is just as dangerous as the front, and carrying on their duties many men must be killed. Would the dogs supply the places of the regular ammunition distributors? M. Jupin's dogs, then, are to be trained like the smugglers' dogs, and are to carry their loads of cartridges between the points of supply and demand, and he gives us the picture of an exceedingly wide-awake dog who has strapped on both sides of him a case containing cartridges.

After the battle there can be no doubt that the dog, if employed to find out the wounded, would be the means of saving many a life. Oh! the untold misery of the poor wounded man who at nightfall drags himself behind a tree or hedge and cannot move. At the military manœuvre at Luben the Prussians tried what dogs might do if used to find out "make-believe" wounded men. After the sham battle certain men were told off who were to hide themselves in out-of-the-way places and play dead. The dogs found them all out, and more than that, the sagacious brutes ran to litter-bearers and the ambulance corps and brought them at once to the places where the men had dropped.

Some of the methods of training are amusing, but they all enter into the category of serious dog lessons. If France has no friendly feeling towards Prussia she takes a dummy, dresses it like a German, and the dog is taught to attack it. He has this impressed on his canine mind—that the dummy hates him and has a stick concealed somewhere. If necessary the French property-man can change the dress of the dummy and make him an Italian.

What breed of dog is the best for military purposes is not yet quite decided upon. Excellent results have been derived from setters, but setters which have never been hunted. The shepherd dog, the most intelligent of all animals, M. Jupin tells us, has showed excellent traits. The Germans use that peculiar, ugly, lumbering bluehound, which has not, we think, a single redeeming trait. For outpost duty a fox-terrier, with his nervous activity and quickness, makes a good dog. The trailing qualities of the foxhounds would be often called into use. The color of the dog should be looked at, as white dogs would be too visible. There are many "yaller dogs," perhaps, which would be excellent—heroes, in fact, whose fine qualities have never been appreciated. Crosses with St. Bernards, even of the mastiff, might make good "war dogs."

It would be interesting if some of our military organizations in New York would take a dog and teach him what to do. That dog might go first through a course of private training, and when an encampment was in order during the summer the capabilities of the animal could be tested. There are plenty of men in the National Guard who are sportsmen familiar with the breaking of dogs who could readily train a dog for at least all the more easily acquired military accomplishments. English has not that plastic quality French possesses, or we would try and translate what M. Jupin means when he writes: "*Ces chiens se militariseront aux-memes en quelque sort.*" The nearest thing on a translation would be: "Dogs militarize themselves almost of their own accord."

This clever and hard-working French officer loves the dog and knows all about him, and the dog respects him, otherwise he never could have written: "Every officer knows how the soldier loves his dog, and if he has the chance how he pets him, and he, wanting only a slight caress, expresses at once his delight."

Dogs in the men's quarters are often declared nuisances by officers in our own service, but some not quite martinets, remembering the good services that the truest friend of man has rendered, wink at the canine presence. Special prizes for the dog-shows of 1890 and 1891 might be thought about. These dogs ought to belong to and to be trained only by members of the National Guard. Awards could be given to those dogs who would best work out problems of a purely military character. The points would have no reference to the physical condition of the dog, but only his intelligence. It would not be in the stubble field, but on the mimic *champ de battaille* that merits could be adjudged.

Mexico the Home of a Forest Monster Which Preys on Fowls.

[Chihuahua Letter St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

I have taken much interest in the study of botany during my sojourn in this country, the flora of which presents one of the richest fields for the scientists in the world, and have wandered some distance from the town on several occasions in my search for specimens. On one of these expeditions I noticed a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains, which object excited my curiosity so much that I examined it carefully through my field-glass. This revealed that the object was a tree or shrub of such an unusual appearance that I resolved to visit the spot.

I rode to the mountain, the sides of which sloped sufficiently for me to make my way on horseback to within a few rods of the summit. But here I was stopped by an abrupt rise so steep that I despaired of reaching it even on foot. I went around it several times seeking for some way to climb up, but the jagged, beetling rocks afforded not the slightest foothold. On the top of this knob stands the tree I had seen. From the spot on which I now stood I could see that it somewhat resembled in form the weeping willow, but the long, drooping whip-like limbs were of dark and apparently slimy appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible life-like power of coiling and uncoiling. Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass.

My desire to investigate this strange vegetable product increased on each of the many expeditions I made to the spot, and at last I saw a sight one day which made me believe I had certainly discovered an unheard-of thing. A bird which I had watched circling about for some time finally settled on the top of the tree, when the branches began to awaken, as it were, and to curl upward. They twined and twisted like snakes about the bird, which began to scream, and drew it down in their fearful embrace until I lost sight of it. Horror-stricken, I seized the nearest rock in an attempt to climb the knob. I had so ofted tried in vain to do this that I was not surprised when I fell back, but the rock was loosened and fell also. It narrowly missed me, but I sprang up unhurt, and saw that the fallen rock had left a considerable cavity.

I put my face to it and looked in. Something like a cavern; the floor of which had an upward tendency, met my sight, and I felt a current of fresh air blowing on me, with a dry, earthy smell. Evidently there was another opening somewhere, undoubtedly at the summit. Using my trowel, which I always carried on my botanizing expeditions, I enlarged the hole, and then pushed my way up through the passage. When I had nearly reached the top I looked out cautiously to see if I should emerge within reach of that diabolical tree. But I found it nowhere near the aperature, so I sprang out. I was just in time to see the flattened carcass of the bird drop to the ground, which was covered with bones and feathers.

I approached as closely as I dared and examined the tree. It was low in size, not more than twenty feet high, but covering a great area. Its trunk was of prodigious thickness, knotted and scaly. From the top of this trunk, a few feet from the ground, its slimy branches curved upward and downward, nearly touching the ground with their tapering tips. Its appearance was that of a gigantic tarantula awaiting its prey. On my venturing to lightly touch one of the limbs it closed upon my hand with such force that when I tore it loose the skin came with it. I descended then, and closing the passage returned home.

I went back next day carrying half a dozen chickens with which to feed the tree. The moment I tossed it the fowls a violent agitation shook its branches, which swayed to and fro with a sinuous, snaky motion. After devouring the fowls these branches, fully gorged, dropped to their former positions, and the tree giving no sign of animation I dared approach it and take the limbs in my hand. They were covered with suckers resembling the tentacles of an octopus. The blood of the fowls had been absorbed by these suckers, leaving crimson stains on the dark surface. There was no foliage, of course, of any kind.

Without speaking of my discovery to any one about I wrote an account of it to the world-famous botanist, Professor Wordenhaupt, of the University of Heidelberg. His reply states that my tree is the Arbor Diaboli, only two specimens of which have ever been known—one on a peak of the Himalayas and the other on the Island of Sumatra. Mine is the third. Professor Wordenhaupt says that the Arbor Diaboli and the plant known as Venus fly-trap are the only known specimens growing on the land of those forms of life which partake of the nature of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, although there are instances too numerous to mention found of this class in the sea. The Portuguese man-of-war may be mentioned, however, as one, and the sponge as the best known specimen.

From Putnam county, Fla., comes news of a remarkable occurrence. Some farmers in the field heard a tremendous rushing sound over their heads, and looking up saw something "that looked like a solid column of fire passing with tremendous velocity through the air with a whirring, hissing sound. It appeared to be from eight to ten feet in length and from four to five feet in diameter. When first discovered it seemed to be several hundred feet above the earth and was inclining in its course toward the ground, profusely emitting great sparks of fire. In an instant it passed out of sight and an awful explosion took place that shook the earth for miles around and was heard for a distance of fifteen miles."

The story is going the rounds of a retail dealer who obtained a rare bargain in ladies' hemstitched linen handkerchiefs which he designed to sell at a fair profit, at twenty-five cents each. On examination of the goods he determined not to give such value for so small a sum. Taking one half this lot he marked each handkerchief in the corner with a lead-pencil twenty-five cents, and the other half of the lot, precisely the same style and quality, he marked in the same way thirty cents, and displayed the goods on his counter side by side. Imagine his surprise when he found that two out of every three of his lady customers selected the bargains at 30 cents, leaving him with the larger part of those marked 25 cents on his counter. As it was impossible to alter the marks from 25 to 30 without soiling the goods, he was actually compelled to purchase another invoice of the same lot to oblige the fair buyers who preferred to pay 30 cents for the article rather than 25 cents.

DISCOVERIES.

REPRESENTATIVE INSTANCES OF HIDDEN TREASURE BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Heavy Nuggets of Gold Found in America and Australia—Scotch Coins Five Centuries Old.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A multitude of more or less interesting anecdotes of curious discoveries of hidden treasure, historical relics and other mementoes of the past might be collected, of which a few here given are worth perusal as fair examples. Among the many discoveries of hidden treasure which have been chronicled from time to time one of the most curious occurred a number of years ago in the little burgh of Fortrose, in Scotland. In raising the clay floor of a very old house, for the purpose of replacing it with something more modern in conception, the soil below was penetrated for some little depth, and the spout of what appeared to be a tea-kettle was exposed. On uncovering the vessel it was found to be of tarnished copper, some ten or twelve inches in height, and of the peculiar shape of the water-ewer or flagon used by Scottish families in the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. The top was closed with a lid formed of a piece of lead three quarters of an inch in thickness and apparently soldered to the flagon. The vessel was remarkably heavy, and on removing the lead it was found to be completely filled with old silver coins. These were over 1,000 in number, and were all of the time of King Robert III., of Scotland, who reigned from 1390 to 1406. They were very thin, as was the general character of the silver of that date, and somewhat longer than an English shilling in size.

One of the most important and extensive discoveries of this kind was that made a few years since by a Russian peasant with an unpronounceable name in the village of Starogorsilki. The peasant lived upon land forming part of the estate of Prince Ostersky, whose ancestors were plundered and expelled from their possessions by the Tartars, and in all probability the treasure discovered was secreted at that period. The peasant was at work not less than ten years in searching for the hidden valuables, but the circumstances which first instigated his search are not stated. He was rewarded, however, by finding, besides numerous precious articles and manuscripts, twelve large boxes filled with very ancient coins of fine gold. The total value of the find is given at 17,000,000 roubles, two thirds of which went to the State and one third to the lucky finder, making his share about $3,000,000.

TREASURE IN A TREE-STUMP.

A very singular discovery of an entirely different character is thus recorded. In 1569 an Arab boy, a convert to Christianity, was taken prisoner by the Algerines and sent to Algiers, where, refusing to abjure Christianity, he was thrown into a mould in which a block of concrete was about to be cast, and the block was afterward built into the wall of a fort. In the year 1853 the fort was dismantled and the Arab's bones were found in the block, the position of which had been noted by an ancient chronicler. A cast now in the Algiers museum was taken of the cavity in which the martyr's features and even the texture of his garments are perfectly preserved. His bones were placed in a marble tomb in the Cathedral.

A very odd discovery was once made in a Newburg (N. Y.) cemetery. While clearing up the grounds it became necessary to cut down a large willow tree, which measured, at its base, nearly five feet in diameter. When the men were ready to take the tree away it was found advisable to cut the stump in pieces, on account of its great size and weight. They therefore sawed into it, and after cutting about fifteen inches from the surface at a point some three feet from the ground, the saw grated against something hard. Not expecting to find anything but wood so far in the tree they made several more strokes, and stopped only when they discovered that the sawdust was composed of fine white powder—in short, marble dust. The workmen then split the stump, using powder and axe, until they reached the curiosity, which proved to be a marble foot-stone, in the very heart of the tree. The fibre or grain of the wood had grown around it, and evidently had been too powerful for the stone, for it had been broken in two pieces, and the top leaned considerably out of place. In spite of the utmost care, so firmly was it imbedded that it was found impossible to remove it without breaking, and the memento was consequently not preserved.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESERVATION.

A curious discovery was made about ten years ago in a tree near Augusta, Ga. A civil engineer was engaged in running and locating the lines of a lot of land below the city, using as assistance a deed drawn up 121 years before. In one section of the deed it was recorded that the line touched a certain point where stood a beech-tree, upon which a cross-mark had been made with an axe. The engineer ran his line to an old beech-tree, and concluding that this was the point in question looked for the mark, but of course could not find it. Taking an axe he cut into the tree, and, to his surprise, almost the first block chipped out revealed the identical mark referred to in the ancient document. The mark was still perfect, but had long been covered up, having been made some years before the Revolutionary war. The date of the deed was 1759.

So many more or less preposterous stories of remarkable discoveries of toads imprisoned in solid substances are continually going the rounds of the newspapers that one hesitates at accepting any of them as authentic. Of the large number of these that might be given we will quote but one, which although in some respects the most marvellous of them all, is vouched for by an English writer. The relator of this anecdote states that many years ago a friend of his father's caused to be brought from Italy a piece of pure white marble, out of which a mantelpiece was constructed for his sitting-room. The marble was in one block, and free from flaw, save in one part. Soon after its erection the owner noticed a small, damp-looking stain, not larger than the nail of his little finger, in the very centre of the mantelpiece. This, however, was so slight a blemish that it did not trouble him until it became evident that the spot was slowly but surely increasing in size. For twenty years, as he sat in his arm-chair facing the curious stain, the gentleman marvelled greatly as to what caused its certain spread. At the end of that period it had increased to the size of the palm of his hand, and he was unable to longer restrain his curiosity. Masons were accordingly sent for and desired to take down the marble and break it in two, so as to disclose the mystery. This was done, when, to the amazement of all, out hopped an enormous toad, apparently none the worse for his long imprisonment.

RELICS OF OLD VOYAGES.

A very interesting archæological discovery was made some years ago in Norway. From a burial mound, nearly 150 feet in diameter, was dug a well-preserved viking ship, in which some chieftain had been entombed centuries ago. The craft is the largest ancient vessel now known to exist, it being seventy-four feet long and sixteen wide, with twenty ribs. Along its sides a row of circular shields extends completely around it. The mound is now nearly a mile from the sea, but it is evident that in olden times the waves washed its base and that the vessel was drawn out of the water and buried at its edge.

A curious relic of one of the expeditions which sailed to the West Indies under the command of Columbus was discovered some twelve years ago. On the 4th of August, 1498, a small squadron of three vessels, under the orders of Christopher Columbus, was anchored off the southwestern extremity of the Island of Trinidad. Late at night, Columbus, it is related by Washington Irving, suddenly saw a wall of water approaching toward the fleet from the south. His own vessel was lifted so high by the incoming wave that he feared it would be either submerged or dashed on shore, while the cable of one of the other ships parted under the strain to which it was subjected. The crews of the vessels gave themselves up for lost, but after a time the wave, which must have been caused by an exceptionally large body of water coming suddenly down one of the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Haria, ebbed back again. This sudden rise of the waters is mentioned by Columbus's son Ferdinand, who adds that the fleet suffered no damage save the loss of one anchor. It was this anchor which was found, and, strangely enough, it was dug up from a depth of six feet below the surface of the ground at a spot 372 feet from the nearest point of the coast-line. The land, it is well known, has gained considerably upon the sea along the shores of Venezuela, so that where once ships rode at anchor gardens are now planted. The anchor itself was of simple form and comparatively rude manufacture, the stock being eight feet long and round, with a ring at one end a foot in diameter to which to make fast the cable, and with flukes five feet long, the whole weighing 1,100 pounds.

THE NORTH CAROLINA GOLD FIND.

The story of the discovery of gold in North Carolina is somewhat curious. Near the close of the last century the child of a poor settler, while roaming along the banks of a small stream, discovered a bright yellow stone, which, with the assistance of his playmates, he picked up and carried home to his father. The old man, who had evidently no knowledge of the appearance of gold in its native state, saw nothing particularly remarkable in the stone, but, not to disappoint the child, bade him place it near the cabin door, which it would serve to keep open or shut at pleasure. As the stone was quite heavy, weighing nearly fifteen pounds, it was found of considerable use for that purpose.

Several years elapsed before any one thought of the stone's being possibly a mineral of value, although the owner often showed it to his neighbors, bidding them mark its unusual weight. Finally he was induced by some one to take it to a goldsmith in the neighboring town of Fayetteville, who upon testing it at once pronounced it to be gold. So simple, however, and so ignorant of the value of the precious metal was the old farmer that he even then allowed the dishonest goldsmith to buy the nugget of him for the paltry sum of $4. Its true value was ascertained to be not less than $4,000, and the locality in which it was found soon became a rich field for gold-hunters. This is claimed to have been the first discovery of gold ever made in the United States.

A DISSATISFIED TREASURE-FINDER.

The history of the finding of enormous nuggets of gold in Australia reads almost like a romance. The earliest discovery of this kind was in 1851, but a few months after the opening of the mines near Bathurst. This was the celebrated "one hundred-pound lump," which owed its discovery to the following curious circumstances: A native in the employ of one Dr. Kerr was lounging along, hatchet in hand, through a sheep-run, where he had walked a hundred times before. His eyes caught something yellow upon the surface of a block of quartz, and a blow from his hatchet disclosed a mass of gold. He hastened back to his master, who took his horse and rode to the spot. The largest block weighed seventy-five pounds, and by its side were two fragments, each of about half its weight, which had apparently originally formed part of it. Lost in amazement, the Doctor was at a loss how to dispose of his prize. At last he concluded to break it up, put it in a pair of saddle-bags, and convey it home on horseback, a ride of many hours.

As he was compelled to stop at some human habitation for refreshment he would lift the saddle-bags with forced indifference and fling them carelessly over a rail fence. "It seems heavy!" some suspicious-looking bystander, perhaps bushranger, would remark interrogatively. "Oh, yes," the Doctor would answer, endeavoring to allay suspicion by an apparent jest, "full of gold, of course!" When the gigantic nuggets came to be weighed they were found to contain a little more than one hundred pounds of pure gold, worth, as metal, more than $20,000. But now the thought flashed upon the Doctor that, had it remained unbroken, it would have been worth much more as a specimen, and a fortune might have been made by exhibiting it. With the usual perversity of human nature the poor practitioner began to look upon himself, and to be looked on by his neighbors, not as the lucky man who had made $20,000 by a single day's ride, but as the unfortunate individual who had lost ten times as much by a few blows of a hatchet.

AUSTRALIAN NUGGETS.

Among several nuggets of extraordinary size found many years later in the Victoria mines, the most famous is the "Welcome Stranger," which was unearthed by two Cornishmen named Deeson and Oates, who had, for fifteen years, known only the hardest of luck. On the morning of February 5, 1869, they had reached the very depth of their long-continued ill fortune. For the first time in their lives they went hungry to their work, the storekeeper having refused to trust them any longer for the necessities of life. But their patience and perseverance were destined at last to be amply rewarded. As with feelings of gloom and depression they set about their daily task, the pick of one of them suddenly rebounded, having evidently struck some hard substance. On removing the surrounding clay there was revealed to their astonished gaze a solid lump of gold a foot long and a foot broad, and so heavy that their united strength was scarcely able to move it. The poverty-stricken miners had become in a moment the possessors of the largest mass of virgin gold ever discovered. A day was procured, and the monster nugget, escorted by an admiring crowd, was taken into the town of Dunolly, where it was weighed and found to contain 2,268½ ounces of gold. It was immediately purchased by the bank for $47,670, which sum the fortunate finders divided equally between them.

The Old-Fashioned School.

[Scottish American.]

The young people of to-day who attend school in the model school-houses of the times—the fine, well ventilated, furnace, or steam-heated buildings that are the pride of our country—know nothing whatever about the primitive schools in which their parents and grandparents learned their A, B, C's.

And no description, however graphic, can make them understand what the situation was fifty years ago.

We have in mind the school-house where our young ideas started out on their first shooting expedition.

It stood on a high hill, and the path leading up to it was slippery and icy in the winter, and the boys had to help the girls down over it, and if the schoolmaster fell down, as he sometimes did, we all laughed at him, and the next day he was "cross enough to snap everybody in two."

The edifice was red, with white trimmings, and the walls were cut and hacked where the boys had tried the edges of their new jack-knives, and the glass was broken in many places where somebody had accidentally thrown a stone through. No stones were ever thrown on purpose.

There was a long entry where wood was kept from the wet, and the big boys took turns at sawing and chopping the wood and building the fires in the mornings. The fire-building was a process worth looking at, for the fireplace extended the whole side of the school-room and could take in half a cord of wood at one meal. In the morning before the fire "got a-going" the temperature of the school-room was arctic, and I can well remember seeing the whole school of fifty or more scholars standing in rows before the fireplace—the smaller children next the fire, and the larger ones ranged outside, all studying away at their lessons in audible whispers—while the blue and shivering "master" set copies with a goose-quill pen or worked out mathematical problems too abstruse for some strapping follow who stood in cowhide shoes and pantaloons out of which he had stretched in his race toward six feet of young manhood and short jacket, between which and the pantaloons aforesaid there was a breach of connection which could never be remedied.

Reading was taught then and spelling, and the classes stood up on the floor in long rows and shouted at the top of their voices, it being then considered that the scholar who could make the most noise in reading was the "pertest."

When a word was put out to be spelled—a difficult word, we mean—there was great but subdued excitement in the class. The best speller stood at the head, and if by any chance a word was missed it was passed on down the line, and the one who spelled it "went up to the head," which in the school was as great a distinction as in political circles it is to be Governor of the State. With what an air of pride the conscious good speller wrestled with and conquered such words as "phthisic," "phlebotomy," "pneumatics," &c.; and how glibly she—for it was generally a she—started off on the giants of six and seven syllables, and finished them with a sonorous twang of triumph on the last syllable!

There was a "sweeping list," on which appeared the names of all the girls supposed to be old enough to handle the broom, and upon their ministrations the tidy condition of the school-room depended. And there was as much rivalry among these young ladies to see who should do her work the best, and so merit the approbation of the teacher as there is nowadays over the rendering of French or the shading of a water-color drawing.

Corporal punishment was in force, and the man who could not fight upon occasion was not acceptable as a teacher, while the pedagogue who could "lick all the big boys" was looked up to and respected.

Many a lively scrimmage have we witnessed in our youthful days between the master and some unruly pupil, while our hair stood up with fright, and the big boys sat still, and the big girls hoped the teacher would conquer, and the blackboard, and the tin dipper, and water-pail, and the very inkstands on the desks rattled out of sympathy with the jar of the opposing combatants.

Oh, how cold it used to be on windy days! And we sat with our shawls over us, and our numbed and chilly fingers trying to hold the grating slate-pencil, while our congealed brains sought to guide us safely through the Rule of Three and the extraction of Cube Root.

What trials we used to have in store for the teacher we did not like. We tied live mice to his overshoes, and put pepper in the fire, and straddled the top of the chimney once with an old side-saddle, and nearly smoked the eyes out of half the school before the trouble was discovered. We filled the bell with water on cold mornings and froze it up; we trimmed the master's chair in mourning; we sent him anonymous love-letters, drew caricatures of him on our slates—Ah, well! what is the use of going on?

The old-fashioned school is no more; the master sleeps well in the shade of the pine trees in the quiet country cemetery, and the old-fashioned scholars are staid men and women now, and no doubt most of them tell their mischievous children and grandchildren that in their time young people were brought up as they should be.

The returns for accidents on the railways of the United Kingdom during the year 1888 are interesting. Eleven passengers were killed and 594 injured, as against twenty-five passengers killed and 538 injured in 1887. There were ninety-six injuries from other causes than those due to collisions and mechanical defects. Of servants of the companies there were 389 deaths and 2,100 injuries. Fifty-three persons perished at grade crossings. The total is nearly 1,000 killed and 9,000 injured in connection one way or another with the railway system. There were 35 collisions between passenger trains and 54 between passenger and freight trains. There were 288 failures of axles, the greater part belonging to engines.